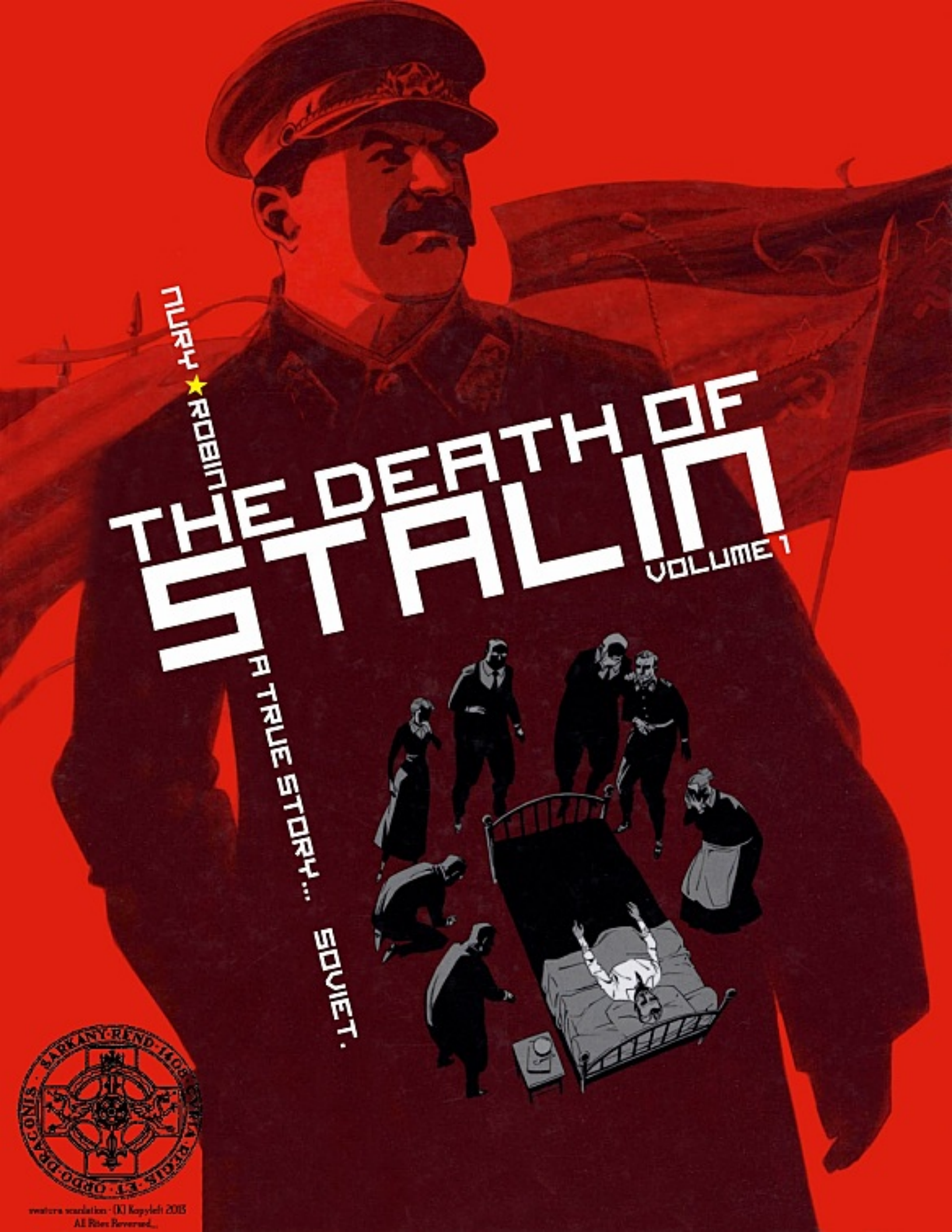


swatara translation · (K) Kopyleft 2013
All Rites Reversed...

THE DEATH OF STALIN

VOLUME ONE

FABIEN NURY TEXT
THIERRY ROBIN DESIGN
LORIEN AUREYRE COLORS

COVER-ART: BILLY
TRANSLATION: SWATURA-OD
RETEXT: THOMAS

1953 February 28th.

Moscow, Concert Hall of the People's Radio

Concert of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's fortepiano Nr 23 is live on the air.

Soloist: Maria JUDINA

DRIINNG
This is The People's Radio. Director Andreiev speaking. Can I be of assistance?
This is the secretariat of the Chief-Secretary. In exactly 17 minutes call the following phone numbers 56-719. This order is from the Chief-Secretary, himself.
17 minutes later.
5... 6... 7... 1... 9...
Hello., this is the People's Radio, Director Iurii Andreiev speaking. I was told to....
This is Stalin.
I loved the concert. I want the recordings.
I will send for it tomorrow.

Did we record the concert?
Did we?!!!
Errr... no, as always it was a live broadcast.
We are dead men!
Call back the musicians and I will tell the guards not to let anybody leave!
... and this time record it.
It won't be the same.
I suppose so. I should be the one to do that...
We will repeat the concert...
Probably not... Should we warn...
Stalin?
Who else?

5...6...
7...1...
9...
This number is no longer in service.
The phone number cannot be connected anymore!?!
You have no right to keep us here!
The Director's order-"No-one can leave".
Comrades! Great news!
Tonight's concert was listened to by Comrade Stalin himself !... He really liked it and he asked me to pass his good wishes on to you.
He wants the recordings. Which means, we are going to have to repeat the concert, especially for him.

What... an honour!
What are you saying?
Are you crazy? What are you thinking?
Are you trying to get us all killed?!
Relax!
Everybody to your places and get ready!
Obviously we are going to repeat the concert.
Maria Judina will be there in a couple of minutes, as well.
Doesn't it mean anything to you at all?
I will not play for Stalin.
What a shame! He is the greatest human ever born into this world.

Tell it to my family.
They were all sent to the Gulag!
Do you want to join them?
He can kill me, but he cannot force me to play.

Can she be replaced?
Impossible! She is the best solo-ist in the country.
Alright. How much money do we have?
Twenty thousand rubels.

Listen to me, Maria. Comrade Stalin, about whom you just said those awful things, told us to reward you.

With five thousand rubels.

No.
Ten thousand.
No.

All right, twenty thousand and I cannot give you a ruble more! You can put us all in prison, but you won't get more!

To Stalin...
To Comrade... Stalin...

No... I cannot conduct.

The stress
...it is too much.

BAM
BAM
Can you hear that?
Someone's knocking.
Don't answer, Boris... I'm afraid...
They know we are here. They know everything.
BAM
BAM
I'm coming.
Boris Bresnawicz?
That's me.
Boris Bresnawicz, the conductor?
What do you want?
No. Let me go!
Let me go!

We are recording it this time, right?
Err... yes.
This is a Catastrophy!
Brestnawicz is a poor substitute. You can hear it.
But the concert is good, there is not much of a difference...
Right? There isn't much difference?
You don't understand. You don't have an ear for this.
But He understands my talent... I hope...
Shut up!
I am aware that there is a big difference!!! But then who's fault is it?!!!
Driinng

This is the receptionist. three Comrades from the NKVD are here. They . . . have come for the recordings...
It's ready.
You are out of your mind! Really!
If Stalin reads that...
I hope he does read it...
I would like to add something...
Stop it!
Just a moment!

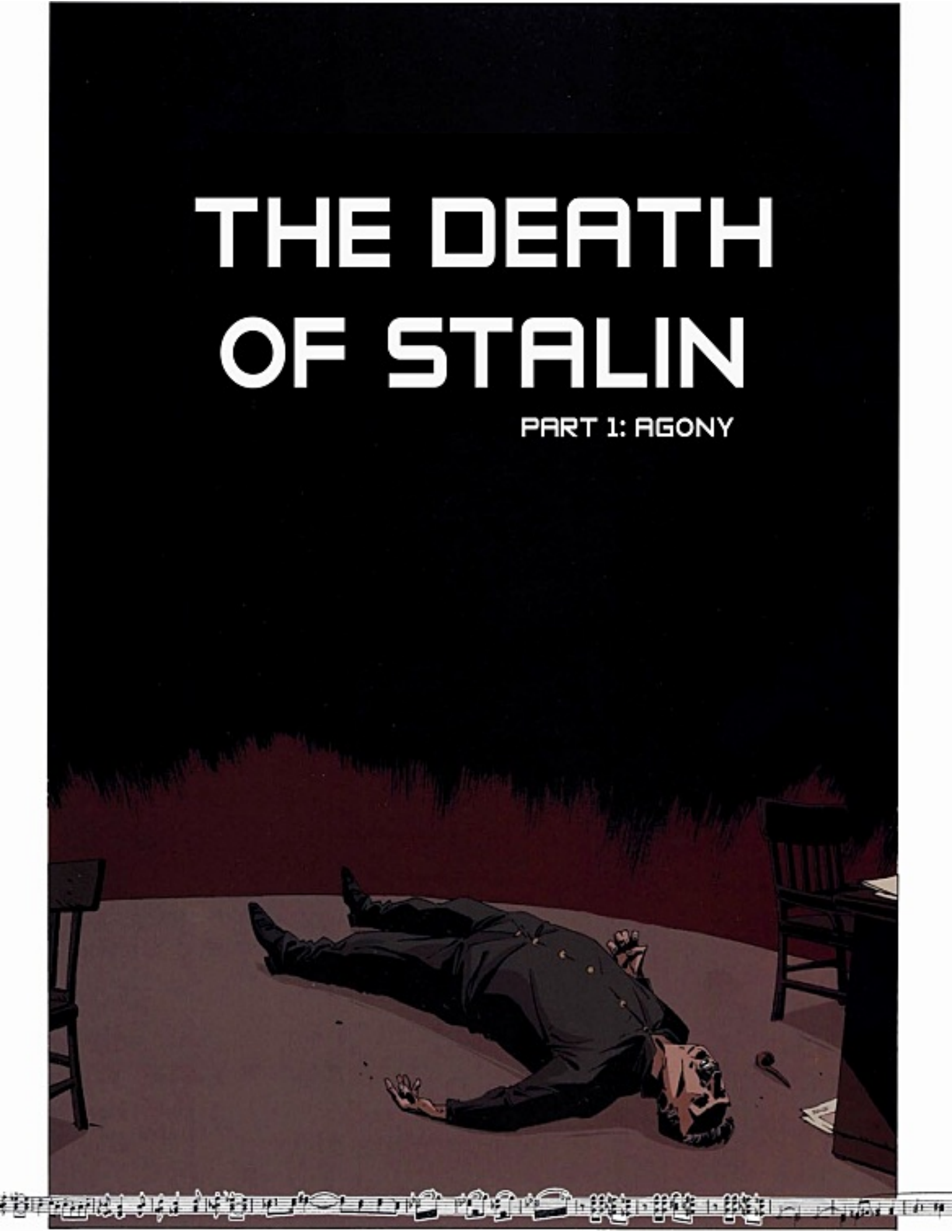
I am the solo-ist! I wish to express my gratitude to comrade Stalin.
There is no need. Give that to me...
Give it to me.
What have you done? You will get us all killed, Maria!

What should we do?
Let's put it back.
Sir, we have the record! There is a ... err, a letter in it from one of the musicians. A couple of anti-revolutionist, hurtful sentences. err... should we arrest her?
No. I will take care of this personally.

Dear comrade Stalin.
I pray to the Lord every day, and I ask Him to forgive you for the terrible sins that you have committed against our people.
The Lord is merciful and will forgive You. The money I was given for the concert will be donated to rebuild our temple.

THE DEATH OF STALIN

PART 1: AGONY



Hey, you! Come here!
M... me?
He is drunk again. Help me!
Thank you, go now.
Are you sure?
Do you want him to know that you have seen him in this state?
Comrade Stalin? Comrade?
He is not drunk...
He is sick! Call the guard-commander!

UFF UFF
UFF UFF
UFF UFF
UFF UFF
UFF UFF
UFF UFF

Drrinnng
UFF...

Drinnng
UFF UFF
UFF UFF

UFF UFF
UFF UFF

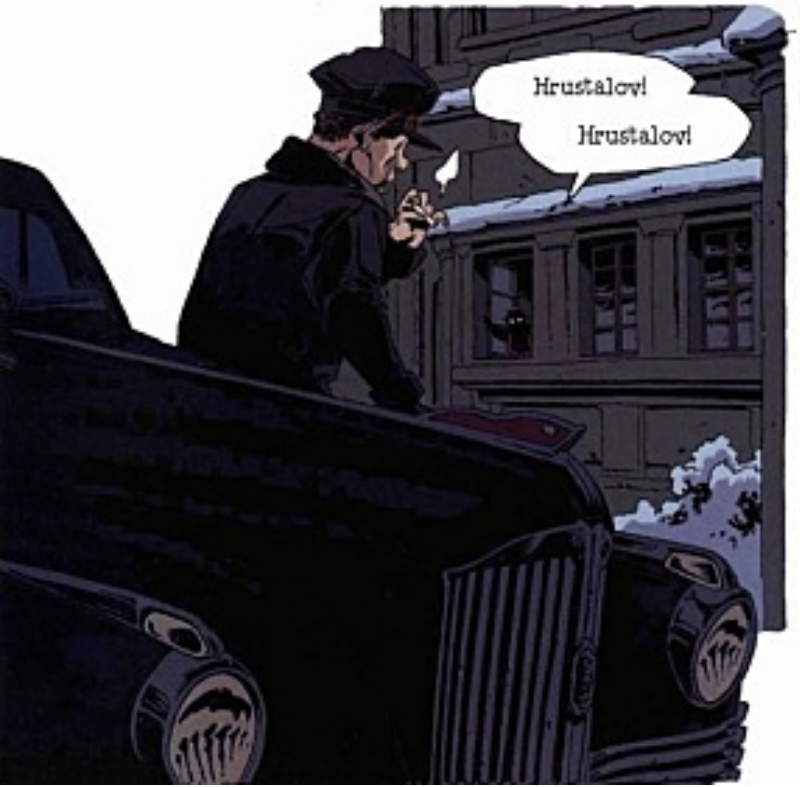
UFFFFF...

Drinnng

Beria.
Lavretii Pavlovich Beria,
54 years old. Member of
the Central Commitee.
Minister of Interior Affairs.

This is Guard-Commander Jefomov. Comrade Stalin is ill.
Is it something serious?
I... I don't know. He lost consciousness. Should I call for a doctor?
No! Don't touch anything. I am coming there immediately.
Tell Hrustalov to ready the car. We are leaving.
Yes, Sir!
Err... what are we to do with the woman?
Take her home...
And arrest her father.
Where are we going?
Into the glorious future, Hrustalov, into the glorious future... To Comrade Stalin!

I gave him a nitroglycerin pill.
Good.
What about the doctor? Is he coming now?
I will take care of that.
No one is allowed in or out without my permission. No phone calls either.


Hrustalov!
Hrustalov!

Take this and put it in the car.

Hallo, Malenkov speaking.
Stalin is dying. I will be waiting for you right here.

Georgii Maximilianovich Malenkov, 51 years old. Member of the Central Committee. Vice-secretary
What did the doctors say?
What doctors?
Didn't you call for any doctors, Lavrentii?
That is not under my jurisdiction. According to the last congressional edict...
...you are the new chief-secretary of the party, Georgii Maximilianovich Malenkov. It is your responsibility to call for a doctor.
Oh, no! It's not mine. I mean, it's not mine alone...
We must call for a meeting of the Commitee.
I think so too. I have already called, they are on their way.

Nikita Khrustchev,
59 years old. Member of
the Central Committee

Anastas Mikoyan.
58 years old. Member of
the Central Committee.

Lazar Kaganovich,
59 years old. Member of
the Central Committee.
Nikolai Bulganin.
57 years old. Member of
the Central Committee.
Minister of Defense.

Let's take him to his bed. It would be better for him there.
It doesn't matter to him...
Help me.
We must change his clothes. He peed himself.
Just leave him be.
He's right. The Chief-Secretary has emptied his bladder. .
Where are the doctors?
That's right... where are the doctors?
We have a problem... the Commitee must unanimously decide first whether or not to call for a doctor.

Not everyone is here. Molotov is still missing.
Now that everyone is here...
We didn't call him.
Why not? He is a member of the Commitee, just as we are.
Tell them why, Lavrentii Pavlovich.
According to Stalin's order Viacheslav Molotov must not be at present at the Commitee's next meeting.
All right then. We'll say that Molotov was replaced, now- let us begin.
As Chief-Secretary of the party...
Stalin is still alive, so you are not yet the Chief-Secretary!
As the Deputy of the Chief-Secretary of the party, I hereby open this meeting. We are to decide which doctors to call for the chief-secretary.

Stalin personally ordered the arrest, deportation or execution of the best doctors from the Kreml's hospital just one month ago.
The doctors were reported by one of their colleagues. She accused them of conspiring against Stalin. The prosecution of the Zionist conspirators is still under way.
Nonsense! Those doctors are innocent. They are only persecuted because they are Jews.
Stalin is dying. Our doctors cannot save him. The person who accused them is also under suspicion.
We should accuse her of planning to assassinate Stalin.
... we know, how these things go.
What do you suggest, Lavrentii Pavlovich?
We should make a list of those doctors who are above suspicion. All sign it, and then choose the ones to call.

I agree.
Good idea.
I accept it.
All right...
... but who can put the list together?
I'll bet Lavrentii Pavlovich has already thought of that - too.
Lidia Timochuk.
Are you kidding? The woman who accused her own colleagues?
Good idea. She will have to personally guarantee the others.
Do you agree, Nikita?
Yes.

Timochuk.
Beria.

How are you, dear Lavrentii Pavlovich? I am so happy to hear your voice.
Just shut up and listen!...

I want you to make a list of the best doctors who are still in the hospital, and sign it.

To make a list of the best doctors? Now? While the hearings are going on? You know that's impossible.
I'll tell you what I know...

Now, I don't care about that Jewish bunch, but I have an immediate need of doctors, and you are going to be their guarantor!

I know that you reported on the best doctors in the Soviet Union simply because they didn't support your appointment. I know that there is not a single conspirator among them.

Is this about Stalin?
Yes - Stalin. Is it serious?
Lidia , You are a bitch.
A career oriented little bitch. I know this because you have been working for me since January 17th, 1938.
... I fucked you for the first time that very day.
I will have it in an hour.
Thank you.
She will do it.

I suggest that we guard him in pairs. Kaganovich and Mikoyan have already started...
... then - Khrustchev and Bulganin, and finally You and Me.
Khrustchev is dangerous, but he is the only one who stands a chance against me.
I am the official successor. As long as I am here, Khrustchev is a nobody.
It is good to know . I am already calmer.
Call Molotov.
What? I thought we are already done with him...
Just call him anyways.
Count. Me, You and Mikoyan against Khrustchev, Kaganovich and Bulganin. Three against three. We need a seventh to have the majority.
Are you sure Molotov will support us?
I will give him a present that he won't forget.

I have been waiting for this for such a long time..., suffering the whims of this old pisser for years. Carefully avoiding the traps he set for me...
The time has come, Georgii...
My time!
Don't go too far...
... as there are mines ahead
You seem pale, Georgii...
... is it because of the cold or are you afraid?
A bit of both...

Which of you is professor Lukomsky?
You are a doctor, is that correct? Then get to work.

Next!
Comrade Stalin suffered a stroke with serious consequences.
His right side is completely paralyzed. We noticed irregularities in his heartbeat and his breathing, too.
What is your prognosis?
Answer me! Is there a chance that he will survive?
This... err... is hard to say. He... was without medical attention for a long time...
I asked you if he will survive it or not?
No.
Hrustalov! The car!
To the Lyublyanka.

Ready all NKVD units immediately at the designated locations in Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad and all the other important cities of the Soviet Union.
To squash all riots and public displays of emotion. I am calling for full alert!
Here is our official statement. Give one to every foreign correspondent, and a copy to the Pravda as well.
Comrade Stalin suffered a stroke...
in his holiday home in Moscow, on the 2nd of March, 1953.
His condition is serious.

Both his right arm and leg are paralyzed.
His heart-beat and breathing are irregular.
Comrade Stalin has gone numb.
He is being treated by our best medical experts.
What are you doing?
Under the supervision of the members of the Central Committee.
What is this machine?
Electro... electrocardiogram.
To... to see... if his heart is still beating or not...
I see... good.

Svetlana Alliluieva Dshugashvili?
That's me.
Come with us!
We are taking you to your father at the Kuncev holiday home on Comrade Malenkov's orders.
Wake Up!
Ye... yes, sir...
We are looking for General Dshugashvili. To take him to his father.

Where is General Dshugashvili?
I... I think... he already left.
He... organized a bit of fun for his friends from the cinema. I believe they are still partying somewhere... but I don't know where...
This residence was only borrowed for you.
I want the names of all those present at this "bit of fun"!
He suffered a stroke. We're doing everything we can for him.
You did everything you could.
He mustn't die.. he mustn't leave us...
My father?
Is he dead?
I... I gave him the pill.

Drinnng
Lavrentii Pavlovich? This is Nikita.
Did he die?
He got better..

A miracle!
It is a miracle!
Dear Comrade Stalin... is better...
He is talking... talking to us.....
He is talking. I am impressed.
My dear friends, you have saved him.
You are a hero, comrade Lukomsky. The Soviet Union thanks you.
This is... a miracle... will he completely recover?
I can't tell... the patient is showing some signs of improvement in the last hours, but his condition is still... critical...
I see.

We have a problem, Lavrentii Pavlovich.
Did you tell the media?
Of course. When all of you suddenly started to mourn, someone had to keep things in control.
The disclosure should have been approved by the Committee.
We would like to talk things through before you would act.
Who did you talk since last night? To your wives? Your lovers? Or to your secretaries, perhaps?
By the time I got to the Kreml, rumours were already circulating.
Molotov is here.
Who called him? Not me, that's for sure.
What about Stalin's children? Who called them?
I did..
You did right, Georgii. I would never forgive myself if they weren't here now.

Vlacheslav Molotov. 63 years old. Member of the Central Committee, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Look, the dog is mourning its' owner.
They say Stalin had his wife killed by Beria... and that he would have soon followed - as well.
He must have been called by Beria . . . I smell a trap.
We must attack. Let's take care of Beria.
Don't be a fool. Keep a sharp eye. We must hang on and watch carefully.
Beria is not Stalin. Stalin loved Russia. Beria only loves himself.
Let him act. Let him hand us the weapon to finish him off.

The respirator we asked for.
It's about time. Take it to the room.
Wait! Is it the only one they have?
They said that this is the best one.
This is an American machine, you fools! It only works with 110 volts. We can't use it here.
Do you want us to look for another one?
Just leave it. Go and look for a transformer - quickly!

As Commander of the squandron, I fly lowest. I am the best pilot.
Where are you Vasili?
Do you remember their faces at the base when we took the planes?
Vasili said to the guards: "I am General Dshugashvili and I am taking these planes in the name of the Red Army... I wish to salute to my father with them".
We had to disappear quickly, especially Victor.
Processions, I am bored with them... you told me we were going to watch my latest movie.
Come on, your movie is a piece of crap.
Look! Here comes the best part!
Now, Victor hit me. The idiot!
Good bye, Victor. It was good fun.
Nice death.
Horrible! It fell on the people.
What people?

Leave me alone! You are nasty!
Nasty? Me? Wait a second, and I will introduce you to my father.
Let me go!
What? Are you resisting the General? I am going to punish you for this.
Nooo!
Ha ha! Let me go, Vasili!
Here comes your favourite perfume.
General Dsugashvili?
Why are you interrupting?
We have orders to take you to your father. Immediately.
And if I don't want to go?
Alright. Let's go.

All right, it is connected.
Start it!

BRDOOD

BROOOD
What's this noise?
Turn it off!

We need...
Remove it immediately!

The wire doesn't reach that far. We need a longer one.
We don't have a longer one. We can't start it...

Comrade Stalin can't breathe anymore! He is suffocating!

Uhh
Uhh
Uhh
Leave him.
It's over.
O.. ver...
RHAGG
RHAAGGG

Hrustalov! The car!
The only one who isn't pretending.
Who are you talking about?
Beria, he doesn't even try to hide his feelings.
I demand you to choose your words carefully, when talking to me, Comrade Khrustchev
I am officially the new Chief-Secretary of the party.
I've got it, Hurstalov! Everybody will thank me, they just don't know it yet.
I have more than a million people, I get them from Stalin's files.
Soon I will lead the government. Do you hear me? The 'real' power!
I think the only thing that's left is an autopsy... If we could have permission to move the body.
Comrade Stalin's body stays where it is. You can do the autopsy here.
But.... where?
I think there is enough space in the garage.

Where is my father?
He's in the garage?

D... dad?
Murderers!
You have killed my father!
You have killed the father of the party!

What did Vasili do?
Take him home and don't let him out.
Have a doctor with him. It doesn't matter which one. Give him a sedative.
The body? Take it to the Kreml. It must be enbalmed before the burial.
I am sending some people to secure the site. To collect everything.

Firstly: you are all going to sign this statement of silence. If any of you ever speaks about anything related to Stalin's life or death, you will be severely punished.

Secondly: pack everything, we are leaving in five minutes.

Where are they taking us, do you know?
Either to the Gulag or up against a wall.

What?
Hey, you...
Raise your guns!
Fire!

No, not in there!
Get in!
You too! Out!

Comrades...

People of the Great Soviet Union...

The heart of Josif Vissarionovich Stalin...

Comrade Lenin's partner and the successor to his great work...

the Father of the Soviet Communist Party...

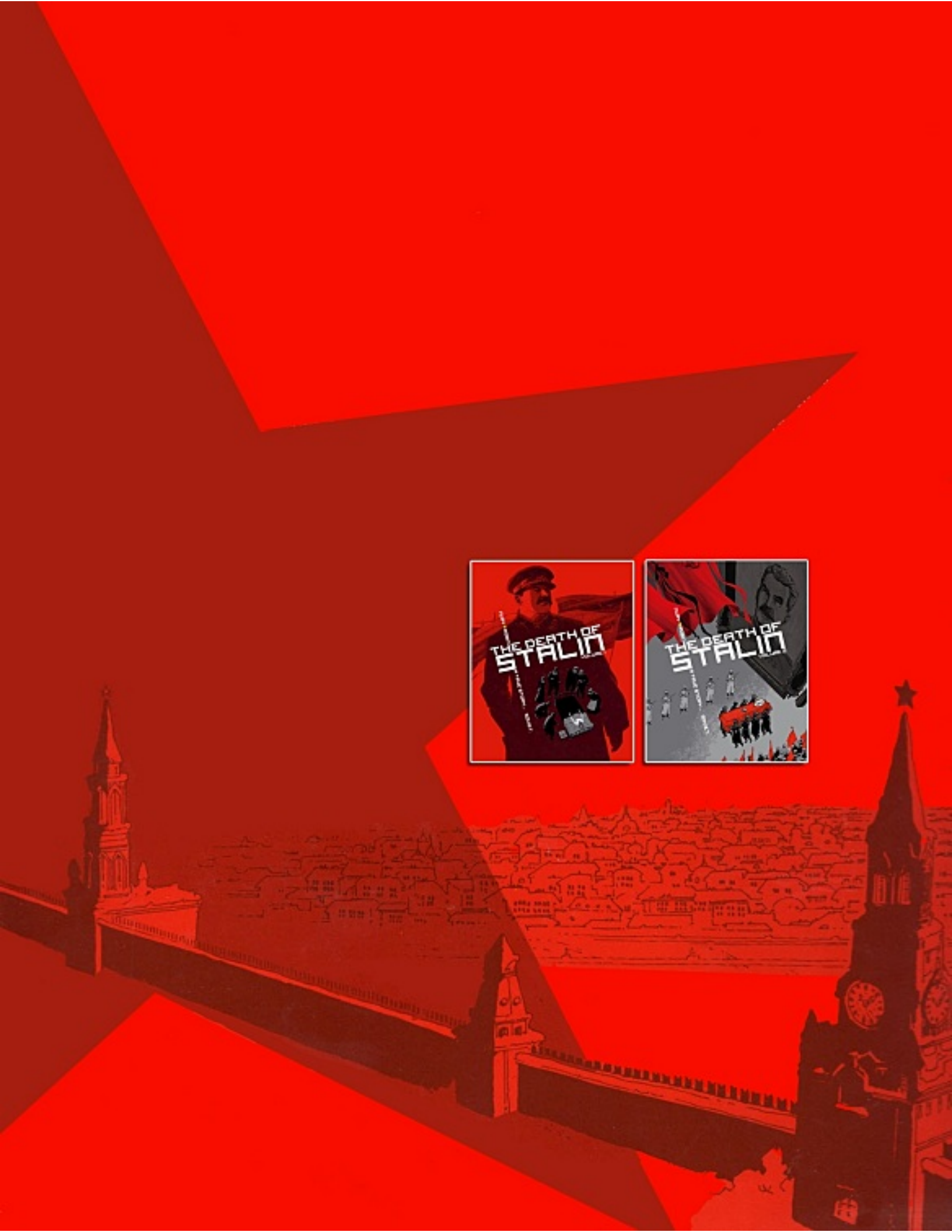
... has stopped beating.

Comrade Stalin dedicated his whole life to the cause of Communism.

His death, an enormo
party, the Soviet nati
workers of our

During these sad days all the people of our country form a single family. All mourning under the guardianship of the Communist Party.

Stalin's name will be forever engraved into the hearts and minds of all Soviets.
DE ARAGÓN
IN HA MUERTO !
The New York Times.
STALIN DIES AFTER 29-YEAR RULE; U.S. WATCHFUL, EISENHOWER SAYS
l'Unità
GLORIA ETERNA ALL'UOMO CHE PIU' DI TUTTI HA FATTO PER LA LIBERAZIONE E PER IL PROGRESSO DELL'UMANITA'
STALIN È MORTO
l'Humanité
EDITION SPECIALE
DEUIL POUR TOUS LES PEUPLES
qui expriment, dans le recueillement, leur immense amour pour
LE GRAND STALINE
Herald Tribune
Stalin Is Dead
N IST TOT
Scanteia
ПРАВДА
SZABAD NÉP
A magyar népben!
APRÈS STALINE...
LE FIGARO
STALINE EST MORT HIER SOIR A 19 H. 50
ous loss to the ion and all the world.
May the spirit of socialism live forever!
Long live the heroic Soviet nation!
Long live the Soviet Communist Party!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